



12 colors, 20 x 30 in.

Who Are You?

ARE you the chap who kicks away the dog that sticks a cold muzzle into your hand? Or do you like the fragrance of October woods, with whiffs of distant brush-fires?

Does the salt-marsh smell make you half burst your lungs with trying to swallow it all? Does a sudden, strident "honk honk" from up in the clouds snap you up tense and rigid like an electric shock?

Does the snare-drum of a grouse make your hands grip and your eyes run along the tapered twin barrels of the gun you left at home?

In other words, are you a true son-of-a-gun?

If you are, you need, more than you know, to have hanging on your wall the big, colored picture shown above. It is full of the golden out-doors, of springy moss and crackling twigs.

It is as empty of care as a soap bubble, and it will fill your heart plumb-full of dog-friendship and game-expectancy. It will make you take down your gun and look it over. It will make you pat your dog and talk over hunting trips with him. It will give you an imaginary but bracing vacation in the finest sport red-blooded, two-fisted men ever knew.

Send 10c for the picture, hang it up, and every time you look at it remember that THE BLACK SHELLS are, like it, an added pleasure to the sport of shooting.



Dept. 7 LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.



YOU can share the fun of KING target-shooting on bright vacation days with your big and little brothers and sisters, and the grown-ups will be glad to join in.

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Write for catalog of all models down to the KING Pop-guns for the little folks. Then go to the nearest hardware, toy, or sporting-goods store and see the guns. Always look for the name KING on the gun. If not found in your town, send us the money and we'll ship direct, express prepaid.

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cept that the places robbed were near us. Some of the victims we knew,—the Dykemans and Mrs. Loring,—some we didn't. The story caused a mild stir at Lone Oak for a moment, then was swallowed up by more important thin s. On the spur of the moment everybody, except Natalie, decided to send in their jewels the next day to a safety deposit in town; but by afternoon the scare was over and everybody had decided differently.

"What's the use of having them to be locked up?" Mrs. Higginson demanded cheerfully. "We are always at the mercy of our maids. I've had my jewels twenty years, and they haven't been stolen yet. I think I can still take care of them."

"After all, the cotillions would lose their zip if we couldn't shine a little," Lydia Abercrombie declared. "Only Laura and Louie Codman look well without jewels. I don't believe it amounts to anything, anyhow. I've heard that Mrs. Henry Dykeman has a press agent. Have you?"

I tried to put it from my mind; but it would come back. I was so very sure of the sound of that motorboat! I would have been sure even if Hap hadn't agreed with me. And something else: I had heard it again in the early morning, returning. I had jumped up and looked out. I could see the rays of the headlight turned in the other direction. I even looked at my clock to see the time—three o'clock. For no particular reason, too, I recalled something Winthrop had said, "I can outrun anything on this shore."

I was angry at myself for connecting that in any way with the silly robbery, or even allowing my thoughts to slip back to that lost bracelet of Natalie's on the night of the reception in town, and what Laura had told me of those other losses.

WINTHROP appeared Sunday afternoon looking somewhat fagged, with pieces of crumpled copy paper sticking from the pockets of a khaki suit. Laura abruptly left Benny Bliss, who was really too giddy from her preference the night before, and frankly went to meet him. She turned him over to me while she sent for Hap and John Crowninshield to come join him in a Scotch and soda. Poor fellow, he looked as if he needed a brace!

"How is your heroine?" she asked, choosing to forget that he had disappointed her the night before. "Just as naughty as ever?"

"Worse," he replied, smiling and rubbing the back of his head. "She simply won't behave as she should! I had a terrible time with her last night. I haven't been to bed—sat up all night with her."

"Winthrop! Really? You'll ruin your health. No book is worth it!"

"Oh, yes, it is. And this is a best-seller. You see, all the ingredients are there,—villains, trusting heroines, hero with the awful curse of drink in his system,—but sometimes it won't go right."

I laughed, and Laura gave him a smile. "I'd rather you were not so flippant about it," she said. "I'd rather think you were writing what you felt and believed."

"Oh, in that case," he replied, rumpling his hair again. "I shouldn't write at all. I'd grow vegetables."

LATER I was alone with Winthrop. "I heard your boat last night," I said to him. "Why didn't you land here for a minute?"

"I was in a rotten humor," he answered. "Got my naughty heroine where I didn't know what she would do next, and I had to

CUB WITH THE GREEN FELT HAT

Continued from page 8

helped him. Mr. Cummings' estate, Aurora, covered many miles of the beautiful, mountainous country back from the Hudson. That he was somewhere on his estates was morally certain. No, he had not arrived by train; but he had automobiles. Two days before this, his favorite physician, Dr. Twombly, had arrived, golf bag on shoulder, and had been met at the station by Mr. Cummings' private secretary in a rig. That was good enough proof that the trust magnate was hidden away on his broad acres, spending the time, until the law should give up hunting him with subpoenas, in his favorite pastime, golf. But to get near him, to prove his presence visually—ah, that was something no person could do! That was, unless he could get by the guards at every gate of the estates, apparently an impossible task.

The fact that efforts had been made by process servers and reporters to pass these guards in various disguises and on every conceivable pretext, all in vain, did not



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take a spin to brush away the cobwebs." "It must have been a good long spin," I dared. "I heard you coming back at three o'clock."

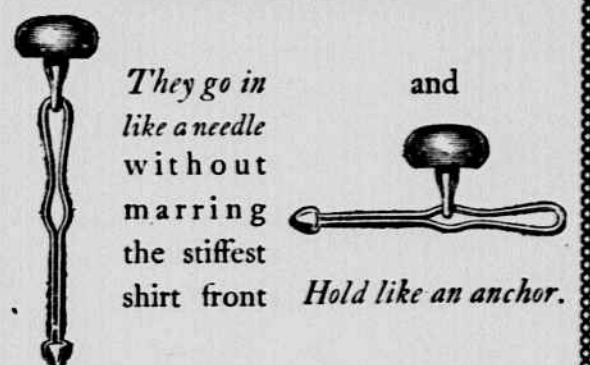
"Went to Boston," he admitted, "and loafed back. The sea was like glass. Gorgeous old night, wasn't it?"

I nodded, and as soon as I could get away ran up to my sitting room and stood looking out toward the ocean, but not seeing it. My heart was thumping; but it may have been from taking the stairs in such a hurry. Two thoughts persisted in my mind,—those robberies, and the fact that I had been right about the boat; he hadn't denied it. I took a deep breath that was almost a sigh. It was a silly bit of circumstantial evidence, and I refused to believe it.

To be continued next Sunday

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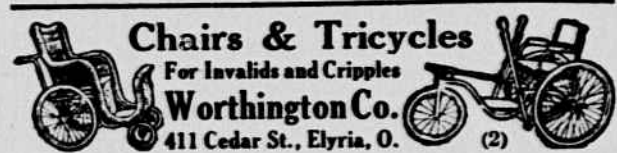
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